



Black



14 2 4

Chapter 1 by SymptomoftheUniverse

"Lord, make me an instrument of peace."

She heard the priest recite the words into the air, felt by everyone, heard by none.

The smoke glugged inside her lungs, as she took a deep breath. She was finding it hard to be calm. She wasn't used to being surrounded by so many people, in such an open environment. Yet she took pleasure in the occasion. Suited her profession. It was a rare honour to be invited at such a gathering, of which oneself is the true host. She looked around at the blank, unfamiliar faces of those around her. They all seemed inattentive, lost and a few even poignant, staring off into nothingness.

"Where there is hatred, let me sow love."

She had only been to one other funeral. Her father's funeral had been quite different. It didn't have such a fine gathering, or the exquisite bread and wine. It was just a little girl, standing alone in the rain. She hadn't cried that day, she distinctly remembered. Perhaps you never felt your tears in the rain.

"Where there is injury, pardon."

She distinctly checked herself, more out of reflex, than actual care about how she appeared in public. She withered away the wrinkles that weren't present in her black dress, and took out a small mirror, to reveal a tiny reflection of herself. Her copper red hair framed her delicate, yet

strong-willed face. Her once intense deep green emerald eyes now stared back at her. Lifelessly.

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"Where there is despair, hope"

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She observed the man standing before her. He was black, he stood there utterly motionless. His head held high, as if waiting to meet his destiny.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



She wanted to pull her small leathered notebook from her handbag and begin to write. To write down the feelings and thoughts in whatever form they took. She was a writer by profession, and also by hobby. What she sold by day was not what she wrote by night, and this event was fodder for that hunger of hers.

She looked again at the man in black and wondered about him. What a strange character. Tall, firmly built. So close to death, and yet so impassive. She wanted to get closer to him so feel what he felt.

"And enable each of us to minister to those who mourn. Amen."

The prayer had ended, it was her opportunity now.

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